Chapter 222: The Descent Into the Abyss

The shadows of the Umbra Citadel stretched and twisted, as if the very fabric of reality bent under the weight of their resolve. Sung Jin-Woo, Ashborn, and Sung Su-Ho moved as one, their forms melding into the surrounding darkness as they began their descent into the heart of the Abyss. The air grew colder as they traveled, the oppressive silence of the Abyss enveloping them like a thick shroud.

The Abyss was unlike any other realm. It was not just a place; it was an ancient, sentient entity, woven into the very foundations of existence itself. The darkness here was suffocating, oppressive—yet, in this very darkness, they found their strength. They were not mere beings of this universe; they were the Absolute Triad, beings who wielded the power to shape worlds, destroy them, and recreate them.

As they traversed deeper into the Abyss, the very nature of the realm seemed to resist their presence. The ground beneath their feet shifted and trembled as if the Abyss itself sensed their arrival. Unseen forces clawed at their minds, whispering promises of despair, attempting to unsettle their spirits. But none of it reached them.

Sung Jin-Woo's eyes remained unyielding, his All-Seeing Eyes stretching far into the Abyss, piercing through the darkness that surrounded them. His senses felt the familiar pulse of the Abyss—its malignant energy—and beyond it, something far older, far more powerful. The stirrings of an ancient presence that defied everything he had ever encountered.

"It's closer," Sung Jin-Woo muttered, his voice steady and unwavering despite the chilling atmosphere. "Whatever it is… it's waiting for us."

Ashborn, his ten celestial wings flickering with ethereal light, glanced at his companions. "The Abyss was never fully conquered. There was always something beyond our reach, something that even I could not see. I feared this day might come."

Sung Su-Ho, with his four dragon wings swaying gently behind him, remained calm as ever, his expression hard and resolute. "It's the reason we are here. To protect everything we've built. We will face this threat, no matter what it is."

The three of them moved onward, crossing endless, swirling dark voids where no light could penetrate, descending into the depths where even the bravest dared not tread. As they ventured further, the ground beneath their feet shifted into jagged, blackened stone, ancient runes carved into its surface glowing faintly. The runes pulsed with a strange energy, as though they were awakening at their presence.

Sung Jin-Woo stopped, his All-Seeing Eyes scanning the ground before him. "These runes…" He bent down, his fingers grazing the cold stone. "This is a seal. It must be holding something back."

The air grew heavier as the ground trembled. The Abyss responded, as though it were reacting to their discovery.

Suddenly, the world around them seemed to distort. Reality itself flickered and bent as if the very laws of the universe were being undone. The presence they had been sensing finally made itself known.

A voice, deep and rumbling, filled the air—ancient, guttural, and filled with power. “So, you have come.”

The voice came from all directions at once, resonating within their minds. It was as if the Abyss itself had spoken to them, but also, something far beyond it. Something primordial.

Sung Jin-Woo’s expression hardened. He raised a hand, and the Scepter of Dominion appeared in his grasp, its divine energy crackling with intensity. “We have come to end this. Whatever you are, you will not be allowed to awaken and threaten the multiverse.”

The ground shattered as a colossal figure emerged from the depths. It was unlike anything they had ever seen—a being of pure, unrelenting darkness, a creature so vast that it seemed to consume the very fabric of reality around it. Its form was an ever-shifting amalgamation of shadows and void, a creature born of the Abyss itself, yet something far greater. It had no defined shape, only a presence that twisted and stretched in ways that defied logic.

“I am the Void, the beginning and the end,” the creature spoke, its voice a cacophony of countless whispers, each one representing an age-long memory. “I am the one who existed before time, the one who shaped the Abyss into what it is. I am the Veil of Null.”

Sung Jin-Woo’s eyes narrowed. The Veil of Null—the entity he had read about in the Forbidden Archives. The one who had been slumbering in the deepest recesses of the Abyss, waiting for the right moment to awaken.

“You are the cause of this disturbance,” Sung Jin-Woo said, his voice unwavering. “We will not allow you to devour the multiverse.”

The Veil of Null’s massive form trembled with silent laughter, its voice resounding through the Abyss. “You think you can stop me? I have existed beyond the bounds of your understanding, beyond time, beyond creation itself. You are but fleeting moments in the infinite expanse of existence. I will return to the multiverse, and all will be consumed in the void.”

As the creature's voice echoed, the very air grew dense with dark energy. A storm of void energy swirled around them, threatening to consume everything in its path. Yet, Sung Jin-Woo, Ashborn, and Sung Su-Ho stood firm, their resolve unshaken.

“You are mistaken,” Sung Jin-Woo said, his grip on the Scepter tightening. “You are not beyond us. You are just a threat we will eliminate.”

With that, the battle for the multiverse’s survival began.